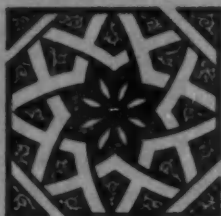


# Journal of The American Institute of ARCHITECTS



ARABESQUE FRESCO, ITALIAN

DECEMBER, 1955

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George Bain Cummings, FAIA

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William Francklyn Paris

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J. Bronowski, M.A., Ph.D.

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Austin W. Mather

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John Gregory, HON. AIA

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Edmund R. Purves, FAIA

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Honors : Vol. XXIV Index : News

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JOURNAL OF  
THE AMERICAN INSTITUTE OF ARCHITECTS

WITH THE AIM OF AMPLIFYING  
AS THROUGH A MICROPHONE  
THE VOICE OF THE PROFESSION

DECEMBER, 1955

Vol. XXIV, No. 6



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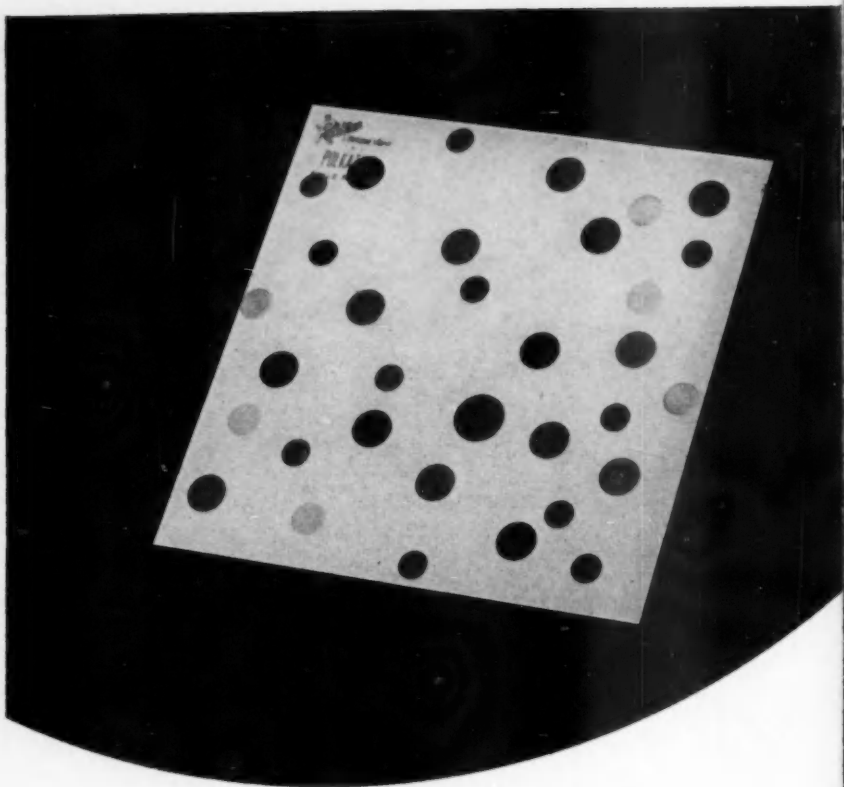


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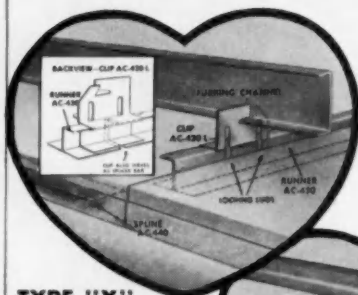
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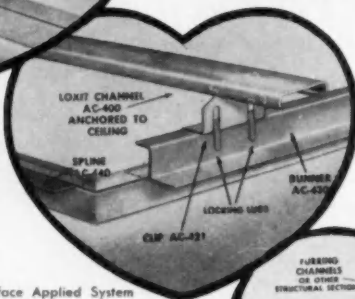
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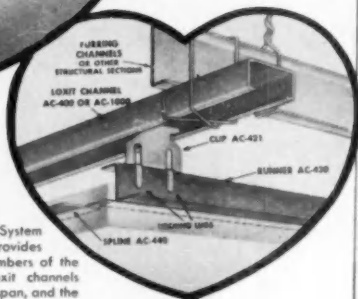
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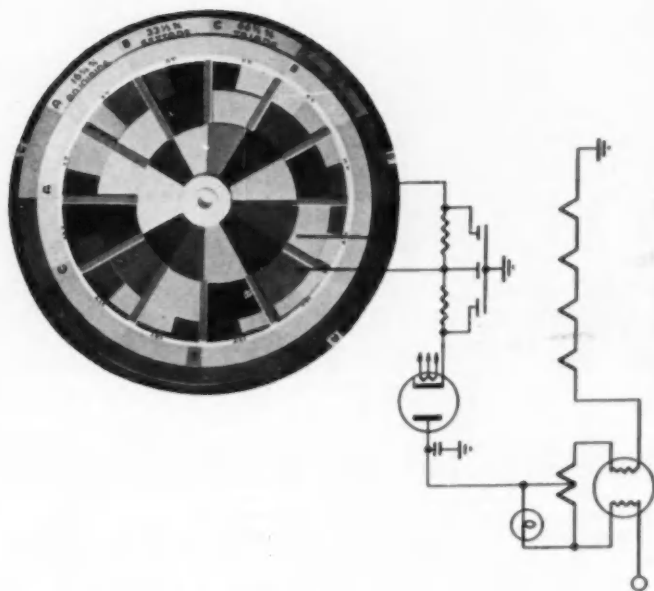
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## Richard Morris Hunt

FIRST SECRETARY AND THIRD PRESIDENT OF THE INSTITUTE

IN THREE PARTS—PART I

*By William Francklyn Paris*

In remembering the centenary of Hunt's starting to practise, it has seemed to some of us that we could not hope to improve on the biographical sketch written by the late William Francklyn Paris (1871-1954) for the *Magazine of the American Society of the French Legion of Honor*, Summer of 1952. The article also appeared in Vol. VII of "The Hall of American Artists," of which Mr. Paris was Honorary Director. Permission to reprint has graciously been given us by the Society's president, Mr. George A. Sloan.

EXACTLY a half century ago, on July 31, 1895, Richard Morris Hunt was called by death from the American scene. Many of his most distinctive buildings are also gone, victims of the American urge to tear down and rebuild, regardless of how much meritorious work may be destroyed, and are known to us today only through photographs and the written descriptions of people who were once stirred by their dignified elegance. But if the buildings, done so lovingly and with such expenditure of thought and care, are demolished, the reputation of their creator does not go down with them. Hunt, to a greater

degree than any other American architect, is as important for his influence upon the standing of his profession as for the structures he designed. The buildings fall before wrecker's tools, but the calling of the architect grows more powerful with the passing years and the name of Richard Morris Hunt is recalled affectionately by men who know what he did for their profession.

Interesting, this prestige of Hunt and unique in the history of American architecture. He built very few of the monumental structures of his day, none of its major public buildings, none of its skyscrapers, only a church or

two and those relatively small and unimportant. He was not the most original architect of his time—not in an America where H. H. Richardson was a contemporary and where John Root had done all his work and Louis Sullivan his most important before Hunt died. He was certainly not the most American of his contemporaries, so far from it, in fact, that a critic has rightly suggested that many of his buildings would have been accepted in France as tasteful, appropriate creations of a French Beaux-Arts graduate. Not the most American, not the most original, not the builder of the largest structures—and yet the most renowned of his day, the most distinguished, the most sought after when a new architectural organization was to be formed, a new architectural cause to be popularized. And all this before he was in his mid-forties, before he had been practising his profession twenty years in New York. To be publicly recognized as the dean of American architects at the age of forty-five is, indeed, to be unique and to hold that position for another twenty years is to be a man without parallel in our architectural history. That is

Hunt's place and the question rises: what was the basis for such eminence?

Hunt, answers Charles McKim, was "the pioneer and ice-breaker who paved the way for the recognition of the profession by the public." More specifically, the answer that when Hunt came along the way was sadly in need of paving and, by temperament and training, he was the perfect man for the job. Henry Holt in his autobiography, "*Garrulities of an Octogenarian*," tells us how, as a young man in his early twenties casting about for a profession, he thought architecture might prove interesting. "Why," declared the astonished mother-in-law to whom he revealed his ambition, "you might as well become a carpenter!" An unthinkable occupation for a young man just out of college in the 1860s, a young man of substance and social position. If he must turn to the arts, then some phase of literature might be suffered, but to be an artist, a musician, or, above all, an architect! Certainly one might as well be a carpenter.

America had, by the 1860's, not lacked for distinguished architects—Jefferson and Bulfinch, to cite two examples which come quick-



ly to mind—but Jefferson combined architecture with a multitude of other pursuits and Bulfinch, too, was the gentleman-amateur who turned a hobby into a contribution to his country. The most competent architect at the time was undoubtedly Richard Upjohn, designer of Trinity and other important churches. His career grew out of five years' apprenticeship to a carpenter in Shaftsbury, England, and the average American architect had less thorough preparation for his job. No school in the country taught architecture, no professional societies bound architects together, no major periodicals were devoted to their interests, and newspapers and reviews gave them only the most fleeting mention. There were no generally accepted standards of competence, no recognized rights for the architect, no regularized procedures.



One of the first things Hunt did when he returned to his native country to practise his profession was to go to law. A New York dentist persuaded him to sketch designs for twin residences. Hunt drew careful and detailed plans and handed them over to the den-

tist who then proceeded calmly to build the houses exactly like the plans and to refuse any payment for them. Hunt instituted proceedings in the courts and won a limited victory. The award which was made him did not meet his demands, but it did at least establish the principle that an architect who drew designs for a client was not to have those designs appropriated, not to be treated like an outcast without legal rights. The whole episode, insignificant in itself, illustrates the amount of work which waited to be done in America before the architect was recognized as the professional man he was—and no single man was to do so much of that work as Richard Morris Hunt.

Hunt fought the battles of establishing and organizing his profession and, in the fighting, bound his colleagues to him until American architecture seemed to radiate outward from his office. This country, built by daring, adventurous men, loves the pioneer tradition, and in Hunt we had a man who was, as McKim said, truly a "pioneer and ice-breaker." He was the first American architect to be soundly trained in his profession, the first to graduate from the *Ecole des Beaux-Arts*,

and the first to bring Beaux-Arts standards and methods to his native country. His New York office was the first atelier on this side of the Atlantic, the first which attempted to combine a genuine scholarly approach with the problems of practical building, to educate young men who were something more than carpenters able to draw a sketch and handle an expense account.

He was one of the first to point out the need for organization, one of the founders and the first secretary of The American Institute of Architects. He was the first American artist to be given an honorary LL.D. by Harvard University and the first American to be awarded the Queen's Medal of the Royal Institute of British Architects, one of the world's most highly valued honors in the profession. The "firsts" of Hunt could be continued at some length, but perhaps those cited give some idea of why, without doing the outstanding building of the time, he won such great prestige—and why, also, by 1900 a mother-in-law need not be disconcerted to find an architect entering the family. Hunt and a few other men, by nearly a half-century of hard work, lifted architecture to

its rightful position as an art in America and its practitioners to their rightful status as professional men.

He was a pioneer and he had the recognized pioneer traits of courage, vitality, and quickness to defend his cause. To imagine however, that he either looked or behaved like the traditional American pioneer would be to picture a man who emphatically was not Hunt. Davy Crockett, loud of voice, full of braggadocio, quick on the trigger, and contemptuous of scholarship, personified the pioneer of the early nineteenth century, but neither boastfulness, bad manners, nor scorn for learning had any place in Hunt's makeup. His voice was soft, his manners impeccable, his reverence for study apparent to anyone who talked with him for five minutes. He was warm of heart and quick of speech; beneath the pleasant vivacity there was apparent a man who was moderate in his views, thoughtful in his approach, judicious, trustworthy. He came from two hundred years of New England Puritans, but, perhaps because he had lived so long in France, he seemed more akin to an educated Frenchman than to a Connecticut Yankee. His face

was handsome, his short figure straight and military, carried with an air. His manner, wrote a friend of his late years, was "prodigiously vivacious, almost a Frenchman's in some of his quick passages of talk, and the talk itself was explosive. He liked pungency and never failed to introduce it into his discourse. He laughed with you. He was helpful and sympathetic by nature. To the veriest stranger he was accessible and cordial as soon as he saw that his interlocutor was seriously interested in the question at issue. For in the great question to him, the question of architecture, his own interest was inexhaustible."



How accessible he was to strangers and how sympathetic to their problems is well illustrated by an episode in Louis Sullivan's autobiography. Sullivan was sixteen and troubled. Should he try to learn architecture in America, in a school where he was not happy, or would it be advisable to go abroad? Without letters of introduction or other claim upon Hunt's attention he presented himself to ask for advice. It is easy to picture in how many busy offices he would have been sent

promptly on his way without meeting the man who was, in his own words, "the architectural lion and the dean of the profession." That did not happen in the office of Hunt:

"Louis called upon him in his den, told him his plans and was patted on the back and encouraged as an enterprising youngster. He listened to the mighty man's tale of his life in Paris with Lefuel and was turned over to an assistant named Stratton, a recent arrival from the Ecole. He gave Louis much time, receiving him in the fraternal spirit of an older student toward a younger. He sketched the life in Paris and the School—and asked Louis to keep in touch with him. . . ."

A small incident, but somehow revealing, explanatory of why Hunt was the dean of his profession and the "architectural lion" of his day. There was fraternity in that office, as Louis Sullivan was made to feel, and a genuine desire to give help. The man who was engaged that year on the plans for New York's first elevator building had time to spend with an unknown boy of sixteen, time to pat him on the back, and help him on his way.

If Hunt loved his profession

and never closed his mind to the demands of anyone else who loved art, the source of his enthusiasm and his will to fight winning battles may be found in parents who were enlightened far beyond the average Americans of the early nineteenth century. From both parents he inherited a strong will; from his father brains and great energy and from his mother a love of art which amounted to a passion. His father was a Vermont judge and a member of Congress who fell victim to cholera in Washington when Richard was five. Mrs. Hunt, burdened with the care and education of five children, did a notable job. To be the parent who molded the character and supervised the education of Richard and his older brother, William Morris, is to be a mother who has a place in the history of American art.

She loved art and she intended for her children to know its beauties. A New England small city was hardly the place to offer facilities for an education along artistic lines, but Mrs. Hunt was the kind of woman who finds facilities where they do not seem to exist. When an Italian refugee, Gambadella, came to town, she made a place for him in her

household, tried to recruit pupils for him, and had him teach her, her daughter, and her son William. Richard was too young to receive lessons, but if he did not study he at least breathed an atmosphere which was unusual in an American small town home at that time—or now.

When he was old enough, he was sent to Boston to the famed Latin School and then, in 1843, because William's health was poor, Mrs. Hunt gathered up her family and went to Europe. People told her she was doing an unheard-of thing, that she was venturesome to the point of foolhardiness, but she did not listen. Later she was to admit that "I did not realize what I was doing until we were half way across the ocean," but even if she could have turned back at that point one cannot imagine Jane Leavitt Hunt having done so. She took her family to the south of France and to Rome and then found schools for the varied interests of her children. Richard was sent to Geneva, to a military school—perhaps the explanation of the military bearing which was still apparent when he was sixty—but it was not what he wanted and he was soon studying drafting in a Geneva

atelier. William was in Paris and in 1845 Richard joined him to study in the atelier of Hector Manuel Lefuel. At nineteen, he had passed the examinations and was enrolled at the Ecole des Beaux-Arts.

For nearly a decade the Hunt brothers lived in Paris. Richard studied architecture with Lefuel and both brothers studied painting with Couture and sculpture with Barye, famed for his animal pieces. There was money enough for vacations and the young Hunts visited Rome and Athens, ventured into Asia Minor, and made the fashionable trip up the Nile. Those were pleasant years, years of work and study, of visits to galleries and exhibits, of endless debate and argument in the convention of young artists in Paris.

They were fruitful years, too, years in which sound training in the Conservative tradition mingled with enthusiastic exploration of the new note in French art which was François Millet and the Barbizon school. And for Richard there was an especial privilege: the opportunity to do practical work under Lefuel, then engaged in the construction of the buildings linking the Tuileries and the Louvre. Hunt was appointed an *Inspecteur des Travaux* and assigned to the *Pavillon de la Bibliothèque*. All the studies and the full-sized drawings for the *Pavillon* were his work, a priceless opening for a young American eager to learn the practical problems of monumental construction as it was carried on by the French.

(To be continued)

## An Unpaid Non-Political Announcement

By Roger Allen, FAIA

A SHALLOW-TYPE THINKER might feel that the fact that I have recently been forced, sobbing and reluctant, to raise my fee for making a speech to  $x$ -number of dollars, plus my expenses, was a fact of interest only to the Internal Revenue Department and

myself. In that order. That's what a shallow-type thinker would think, but not me. I am the deep type; I can dive into a think and come up the wettest of any man you ever saw.

Personally, I do not think anybody is worth listening to  $x$ -num-

ber of dollars' worth with the possible exceptions of my wife and my secretary who, sometimes separately and sometimes in collusion, advise me frequently, wisely and loudly. And none of that turning off my earphones, either. If I were to talk all week long, which, as my patient associates can attest, I frequently do, it would not be worth  $x$ -number of dollars.



The whole thing is the fault of Room Service.

When someone phones from out of town and invites me to address the annual banquet of the This and That and I say I will, and the caller asks what my honorarium is (I gather that honorarium is money with a doctor's degree) and I say  $x$ -number of dollars and my expenses, the chances are about 16 to 5 in the morning line that I will then hear a muffled gasp, a crash as the receiver hits the desk and then, after an interval, an agitated female voice in the background saying, "Don't move him, boys; I'll call Dr. Arbogast."

This is too bad, but if I don't do this then I am likely to find myself 700 to 800 miles away from home, sitting in a hotel room and having a tedious conversation

with Room Service. I make a simple, ordinary request such as asking Room Service to send up some Remy Martin brandy, scrambled eggs, buttered toast and two pots of coffee (the two pots is not because anybody else is around. I just like to have two pots of coffee) and the chances are that Room Service will reply, "What! —at two o'clock in the morning?" Room Service does not know that eminent medical authorities state that Remy Martin brandy, scrambled eggs, buttered toast and two pots of coffee at 2 in the A. and M. is naturally milder. I think it filters the smoke farther or something.

Or, I ask Room Service if I can get my dinner jacket pressed, and Room Service says, "The valet went home at 4:30." It is my opinion the valet is deceiving his Loved One; he probably tells her he has to work until 11 o'clock every night.

While I am on the subject of dinner jackets, which is certainly a nice change from Room Service, I am now in a position to offer potential audiences their choice of black, white, light pink or blue. The light pink one affords me a certain amount of innocent amusement; an architect will look at it

unbelievably and inquire, "What color is that jacket?" and I will reply, "White," and his wife will tug at his elbow and say, "See, Albert, I told you you were drinking too much."

The morbid desire that otherwise highly intelligent groups of people have to listen to me talk for not to exceed 32 minutes, is not because they expect to learn anything. How could they? No matter what I set out to talk about I end up talking about something else; I can say, as the late Artemus Ward used to say, "The principal feature of my lecture is that it contains so many things that have nothing to do with it."



No, I know what the reason is. The strange and somewhat frightening fact is that I do not have a Message. I appear to be the only practising after-dinner (not after my dinner; after yours—I can't eat anything before talking) speaker who does not have a Message. Conditioned by years of receiving Messages, the audience

waits for me to deliver mine, and I don't do it. It's like waiting for the man in the apartment upstairs to drop the other shoe; the suspense mounts until it becomes almost unbearable. That's why 32 minutes is all it's safe to take. Unless of course, the listener is prepared to spend hours in a decompression chamber afterwards.

The Message business can backfire; I remember once a comely young lady—architects marry the country's handsomest women, the smart fellows—saying to me before a speech, "You'd better be pretty good after the disappointment I got the last time my husband dragged me to one of these clambakes."

"What happened last time?" I asked.

"Well, the name of the speech was 'Building with a Lift' and it turned out to be about a lot of dirty old concrete."

"What did you think it was going to be about?"

"I thought," she replied, "it would have something to do with brassières."



# Architecture as a Science and Architecture as an Art

IN TWO PARTS—PART I

By J. Bronowski, M. A., Ph. D.

A paper read before the R.I.B.A. March 1, 1955, offering a new viewpoint about architecture, esthetics and architectural training. Reprinted in part by permission from the *Journal of the R.I.B.A.*

I AM NOT AN ARCHITECT, and I cannot instruct you either in the science of architecture or in its art. My title, then, is not meant to outline a teaching programme in architecture. In choosing this subject and in thinking through it, my starting point has been the opposite; it has been an interest in science and in art. I read the title backwards, as it were—literally so, for I begin with art; this is, at bottom, to be a lecture about esthetics.

You may ask why, If I want to talk about esthetics, I should choose architecture as my ground rather than, say, painting. And I could fence with that question by suggesting that you put it to those who elected the President of the Royal Academy\*, whose tastes have in this matter, for once, chimed

\*The Academy has recently elected as its eighteenth president, Prof. Albert Edward Richardson, an architect.

with my own. Yet it is a serious question, and I do not want to baulk it; but since it goes to the heart of the matter, the only answer is to unfold the whole matter. In the end, I must answer the question, "Why choose architecture in order to talk about the relation of art and science?" by developing the argument of this lecture. I can make a start, however, by saying that it seems sensible to approach so abstract an enquiry as esthetics in a practical context.

That is, my approach to esthetics is not contemplative but active. I do not ask, "What is beauty?" or even "How do we judge what is beautiful?" I ask as simply as I can, "What prompts men to make something which seems beautiful, to them or to others?"

If we ask this question of the most primitive works of art we



know, say of the cave paintings in Spain and France, we are told that the painters were making magic. In drawing these animals crossed with spears, they were exercising some power over them, and conjuring them in the hunt, much as the witch doctor enslaves a man by uttering his secret name. Perhaps the picture, like the name, or like the wax image, was the soul of the animal pinned to the wall. At any rate, it was a magic symbol; it had a purpose. We do not believe that man, any more than the bower bird, decorated himself or other things aimlessly.

I will accept the rather mixed evidence for this view; these hunting scenes, painted in black, inaccessible places in uninhabitable caves, had a purpose. They were prompted by a purpose; but I do not grant that the mystic purpose also gave them their bright, living form. The evidence of every cult is against that. The witch doctor does not conjure with a beautiful image; he conjures with a bag of bones and a shrivelled foetus. Whatever pageantry surrounds a magic rite, the charm which works the magic is brutal and ugly. In the Greek ceremonials, the dazzled worshipper at last found, in the holy of holies, a wooden stump or

a rough-hewn stone. In all religions, the hermit, the ascetic, the puritan visionary reject the beautiful, because the intoxication of the mystery they seek comes to them from another, immediate union with the unknown.



If, then, the splendid cave paintings had a magic purpose, I do not believe that they were the center of the mystery. I do not believe in the mystic element in art. There has been, exceptionally, an artist here and here, and a scientist too, who has been a mystic by temperament: Michelangelo was one, and probably Faraday. But in general, what happens to an artist when he finds God is what happened to Botticelli when he joined Savonarola, or to that prodigy among thinkers, Pascal, when he repented of his youth. They cease to worship God in his creation, and struggle only for his presence.

I make this point forcibly now, at the outset, because it is central to my theme. Nothing but confusion and damage result if art is thought of as a mystic communion—even if, as is usual, the thought is shallow, and is meant only to stress the sentimental and the evocative elements in art. Art

contains many elements, and mystery, sentiment and evocation are certainly among them. But if we give them a commanding place, the result is disastrous: it is the posturing poetry of Tennyson, the 'nineties and T. S. Eliot; Pre-Raphaelite painting and Watts; and the kleptomaniac architecture of Alfred Waterhouse and Lutyens leading, inevitably, to the Tudor pub and the Alhambra cinema.

The crux of a rational esthetic is, I believe, the conviction that art (and science too) is a normal activity of human life. The painter in the cave was doing nothing more extraordinary when he painted than when he or another invented the spear; and both feats of the mind are as natural and, yes, as necessary to the rounding of a man as are loving and counting. Something happens on the tree of evolution between the big apes and ourselves which is bound up with the development of personality; and once our branch has sprung out, Raphael and Humphry Davy lie furled in the human animal like the leaves in the bud. What the painter and the inventor were doing, right back in the cave, was unfolding the gift of intelligent action.

You will forgive me for still remaining far from architecture. My reason is that architecture is a complex art, one of the peaks in man's exploration of nature (including his own nature); and we must look for his drive to explore in simple things first. Florence in 1480 is a more interesting subject than the behavior of apes, but it is so precisely because Florence astonishes and perplexes us; and if we are to find a clue to her wonders, we must begin modestly at actions which we understand.



One characteristic of animal behavior is that it is dominated by the physical presence of what is wanted or feared. The mouse is dominated by the cat, the rabbit by the stoat; and equally, the hungry animal is dominated by the sight and smell of food, or of a mate, which often makes him blind to everything else then present. A mastiff with food just outside his cage cannot tear himself away from the bars; the food fixes him, physically, by its closeness. Move the food a few feet away from the cage, and he feels released; he remembers at once that there is a door at the back of the cage, and now that he can take his eyes off

the food, away he races through the door and round to the front of the bars for it.

This and many other experiments make plain the compulsions which hold an animal. Even outside the clockwork of his instinctive actions, his needs fix and drive him so that he cannot free his mind for manoeuvre; in the close presence of his desires, he has no liberty. At the same time, the animal is handicapped by lack of an apparatus (such as human speech) for bringing to mind what is not present. The mastiff's area of intelligent manoeuvre is, as it were, the few feet that are not too close to the cage and are yet within range of sight or smell.

This is where man as we know him has always lived in another world—a world with an added dimension of freedom. He could do two things. He could recall the hunted animal when it was absent; and he could use this gift to make the animal's presence familiar, so that somehow he exercised the compulsions which otherwise dominated him in that presence. To my mind, the spear and the cave paintings are both created in the same temper: they are exercises in freeing man from the mechanical drives of nature.

In these words, I have put the central concept of my esthetic. It goes back to the view that evolution has had, for man, the direction of liberty. When he must act, as animals do, from necessity, his actions are satisfying and no more. But when he moves into his own domain of liberty, then, like the swimmer racing in the sun or the man whistling at his carpentry, what he chooses to do is an exercise of pleasure, and is beautiful. It is the human act within the cave paintings which still makes them beautiful to us. And you will now see why I framed my opening question so oddly; for it is not the thing done or made which is beautiful, but the doing. If we appreciate the thing, it is because we re-live the heady freedom of making it. Beauty is the by-product of interest and pleasure in the choice of action.

Every great movement in art has this stamp, that it is a breaking through, a breaking out into liberty. The Renaissance is the shining example, when men burst the rigid forms of thought which had long held them fixed, and made an art in which every glance is an adventure. The writers of Queen Elizabeth's last years live visibly in a world of discovery and

widening humanity. The special tone of the works of Christopher Wren and Vanbrugh, at once bold and selfcontained, draws from their liberation from two opposing tyrannies—the Stuart and the Puritan. And the Romantic Revival has written its own manifestos to freedom, in Rousseau and in Wordsworth's Preface to the "Lyrical Ballads."

These examples remind us that what inspires the artists of an age is also the high inspiration of their society. The Renaissance, the reign of Elizabeth, the Restoration and the Romantic Revival are not private incidents in the history of art. They are also the times of scientific discovery, of economic expansion, of conquest and of new political thought. Yet none of these is the effect of another; art and science and politics and the rest, they are all original. The movement to freedom which springs in them all is not a mechanical result of this or that technical innovation. It is a human movement, straining in every age to free itself from the compulsions of the past, and breaking out whenever discovery or imagination opens a first crack in the rigid shell of society.

It is sometimes said that our

age will never form a taste, because it is bent on appreciating the tastes of all ages, and on finding Negro sculpture as expressive as St. Peter's. I am not sure whether factually this is as evident as André Malraux claims: there is art (Augustan and Victorian for example) which we find as uncouth as the Augustans found Chaucer and Shakespeare. But where the stricture is true, it is because the center of gravity of appreciation has shifted. In spite of appearances, we are not trying to see Sta. Sophia and Chartres and the work of Borromini and Gropius all as equally expressive; we are trying to find in each of them the stretch of freedom, the muscle at play, which expresses the men and the time that made them. Our appreciation is directed by the sense of history felt as human development, and we take pleasure in all these constructions because we re-live and take part in the act of making them.



Yet I am troubled in moving to these historical examples, because it is easy to lose in their large textbook manifestos the exact sense of freedom which my esthetic demands. When I say that Leonardo

in his drawings freed himself from the hierarchic thought of the Middle Ages I do not mean that he deliberately became a rebel, a scientist, a sceptic, a homosexual. Leonardo was all these (he was left-handed and illegitimate too), and they are certainly facets of a single uncompromising personality. But the freedom I catch in the drawings has not at all this truculent air. The drawings are the work of a happy man, who turns over and over in the pleasure of what he does, because his skill has been set free from the fixity of a conventional vision. And like the cave paintings, Leonardo's drawings play with a gesture again and again, as it were to explore the boundaries of freedom. So the bear cub and the running hare play in the moments when they are free from the compulsive patterns of action, and in playing discover the limits of their own capacity. The games of children and men are such happy exercises in freedom.

For liberty is not a passport to chaos. When men break one restraint they do not, as its defenders always fear, enter a limitless *tohu-bohu* of free verse and free love. The new art, the new science, is not absolutely open; it has its own necessities, and its first

task is to find them. Often the new art is so solemn about this that, like Le Corbusier's designs, it begins by looking more puritan than the manner which it exploded.

The drawings of Leonardo patently have an ease which the Bayeux tapestry lacks. Yet of the two, Leonardo in some ways had to hold within stricter limits; for example, he had to draw in the newly discovered perspective; and he was himself busy in setting limits to what was allowable as representation, by his own work in anatomy and on aerial perspective. In a sense, Leonardo and the Renaissance painters were more scrupulous than those of the Middle Ages.

Of course their scruples were of a different kind: they were scruples of artistic, not of moral conscience. They did not prejudice the artist's (or the scientist's) task, as the Middle Ages did—they discovered it. But scruples and boundaries there always are, to every gain in intellectual freedom. There is nothing contradictory in this, and it does not make discovery pointless. On the contrary, the physical ease which modern science has added to our daily lives proves over again the lesson of Leonardo: that the more

precisely we learn the limits which nature has set, the greater our confidence and with it our liberty of action within them. Freedom is not a denial of nature (as medieval magic thought) but her exploration.

This, then, is the duality which gives tension and structure to my esthetic: for if there were no duality, there would be no field for esthetic judgment. On the one side is the movement of our evolution, away from compulsive action and towards a widening freedom; this is each man's wish to choose his own acts, and thereby to become a person. And on the other side are the limitations which, ridge beyond ridge, reappear to constrain and in a sense to sustain us: the state of human thought at any time, the boundaries of what has been discovered, our contagious anxieties, the rigours of convention and of social institutions. Each of the great intellectual revolutions has broken through these at its time, and swum into a new sea of

freedom in art, science and society together. But beyond each isthmus there is another; each sea in turn is landlocked; there are natural limits to action in the new age too. The pride of the best men is to probe for these limits by the adventure of their work. These are the pioneering minds, who press forward in the new freedom and create those works which, in exploring it, discover (because they reach) the new frontiers. Lincoln Cathedral is such a creation, and Alberti's Rimini, the craft of Dürer and Grinling Gibbons and Wedgwood, the Circus in Bath and the Crystal Palace. And equally the plays of Christopher Marlowe and Newton's "Principia," Coleridge and Cézanne and Ruthenford, all stretch out and fill the freedom they themselves created, to its limits. The new age ends only when these limits in their turn become fixed and conventional, and wait to be cracked by another discovery towards the next freedom.

(To be continued)

## Hubertus Junius to Hubertus Tertius

IN THE DAYS of my youth, architects were frequently men of erudition, interested in many

phases of the arts, literature and the byways of their own profession. Through the years, despite

the later fascination of dynamic doodling and muscle-straining forms in hot pursuit of fleeing functions, I have collected a few ancient books written for the most part by the young and eager radicals of the Renaissance and their heirs of the next succeeding century or two. In these, I find many words of profundity.

I have in my possession a book entitled "The Grecian Orders of Architecture" with the sub-heading "Delineated and Explained from the Antiques of Athens". Your oldsters, I hope, will recognize the "Antiques of Athens" as the by-product of the Stewart and Revett expedition to Athens. The author of my book was one Stephen Riov or Riou (his Roman letters are confusing), and it is respectfully dedicated to James Stewart, Esq., F.R.S., "who three centuries after the revival of letters, was the first to explore among the ruins of Athens and to publish to the world the genuine forms of Grecian Architecture".

Mr. Riov, or Riou, introduces his book with the following profound remarks and breathless sentences.

"It must be an effectual check to the vanity of man, when he considers that, by the decrees and

dispositions of supreme wisdom, neither the corporal nor the mental faculties are ever all united in one person; but that, for the maintenance and good order of society, the gifts of nature, combined in a continually varied proportion, are with a marvelous economy divided and distributed among the several individuals of our species; so that, how extensive soever his capacity may be, how prompt his apprehension, how mighty his strength, with the most exalted ambition, man will nevertheless stand in need of man. From the powers of the human being thus limited it is, that when we survey the progress of genius either in the practice of the Arts or in the speculation of science, we find they never receive their perfection from the same man who gave them birth; new inventions however valuable have for the most part been in a rude and defective state, and have in process of time, little by little, received from the skill and industry of others such additions and improvements as to give them the perfection of which they are capable."

And thus, in two sentences, was expressed an axiom of the year 1748. How much more fortu-

nate are you, my son, who in the lifetime of but a single man and in the mind of but a single genius,

may see a new architecture born and come to a full if not quite consistent fruition.



**Professor Richardson, P. R. A. . .  
Deplores the architecture of to-day;  
He finds but one feature becoming:  
The plumbing.**

THERE HAVE BEEN only four architects elected president of the Royal Academy in the long history of that organization. The present one is Professor Albert Edward Richardson, F. R. I. B. A., M. A., F. S. A., a professor of architecture of the Royal Acad-

emy. Professor Richardson was vice president of the R. I. B. A. in 1937-38 and the Royal Gold Medalist in 1947. *The Sketch* (London) printed in a recent issue the above drawing and jingle, which we are permitted through their courtesy to reprint here.



## Collaboration of Sculptor and Architect

By *John Gregory*, HON. AIA

Mr. Gregory spoke before The Architectural League on this subject but with very brief notes. A request for his address brings the word that the following is all that he remembers of the speech, which however seems well worth recording.

A VERY DELICATE THING, collaboration; to be handled with care, liable to explode and come to no good. Collaborators would do well to be gentle with each other, sympathetic, even tender, tender as a cook with an omelette, to keep a quiet atmosphere and an even tempo of behavior, both social and artistic, but above all to be tender with each other because someone might have a good idea.

I will mention a collaboration, in which someone had a good idea, that of the architect Garnier and the sculptor Carpeaux on the decoration of the Paris Opera House. The sculptor in this case had the

good idea, the good idea of making his group, one of four on pedestals attached to the façade of the building, less severely architectural than those of his sculptor colleagues, conceiving it in his own delicate and gracious way, full of movement. His friends may have told him disapprovingly that he was designing a bas-relief rather than a monumental group but Garnier, it would seem, approved.

Garnier's attitude made collaboration fruitful and heightened the creative warmth of the sculptor, for as the poet Keats says, "Do not all charms fly at the mere touch of cold philosophy." And now Carpeaux' "Dance" is one of the great glories of sculpture!

## The Williamsburg Award

THE TRUSTEES of Colonial Williamsburg have created an award for outstanding achievement in advancing basic principles of liberty and justice. The first recipient is to be Sir Winston

Churchill, and the award will be made at a ceremony to be held in London, probably this month of December. The award consists of an honorarium of \$10,000 and a symbolical town-crier's bell.



## With a Lovely Ruby Ribbon Round the Neck

*By Pete Pausanius*

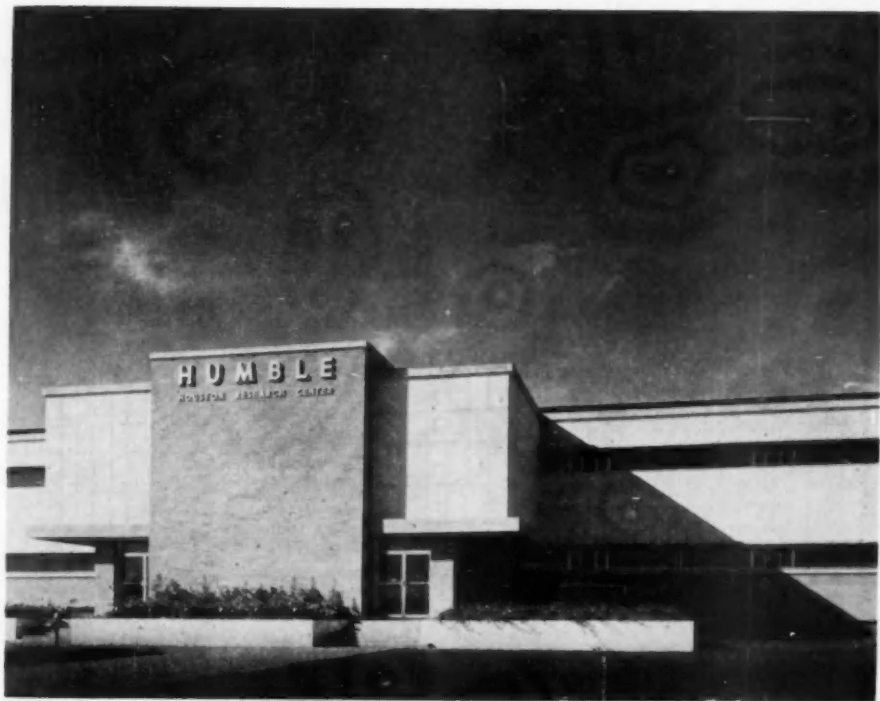
They speak of form and function  
And imply with utmost unction  
That ornament is spurned by all elect,  
But a Fellow has a feeling  
That his dress is more appealing  
With a lovely ruby ribbon round the neck.

Now the medal states the honor,  
The recipient and donor,  
But contributes very little to effect.  
And though your years be mellow  
You could hardly feel a Fellow  
Without a ruby ribbon round your neck.

And the Fellows—may God bless them!—  
If a chap could just confess them  
Would admit to almost any architect  
That the honorable citation  
Was received with less elation  
Than that lovely ruby ribbon round the neck.

From the time of early cave-men  
All talented and brave men  
Have been among the honorable elect,  
But it's much more fun to be it  
When other men can see it  
By a lovely ruby ribbon round the neck.

DECEMBER, 1955



*Photograph by F. W. Seiders*

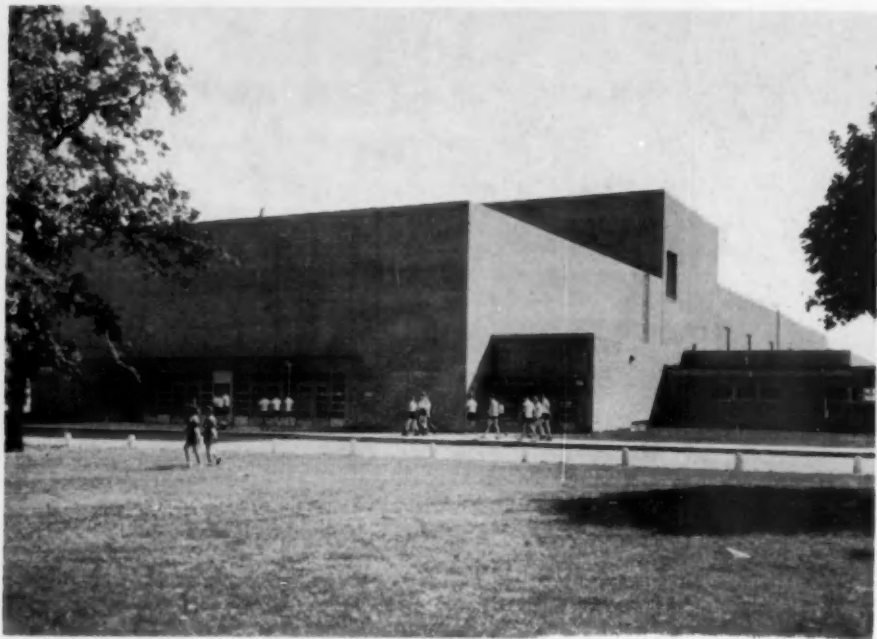
HOUSTON RESEARCH CENTER

HUMBLE OIL AND REFINING COMPANY, HOUSTON, TEXAS

MACKIE & KAMRATH, ARCHITECTS

Favorite Features of  
recently elected Fellows:  
Karl Kamrath, FAIA

*Journal*  
*The AIA*



*Photograph by Chicago Tribune*

AUDITORIUM, MAINE TOWNSHIP HIGH SCHOOL  
PARK RIDGE, DES PLAINES, ILL.  
CHILDS & SMITH, ARCHITECTS AND ENGINEERS

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Favorite Features of  
recently elected Fellows:  
Frank A. Childs, FAIA



*Photograph by F. W. Seiders*

FELLOWSHIP HALL OF ST. PHILIP CHURCH  
HOUSTON, TEXAS  
WILSON, MORRIS & CRAIN, ARCHITECTS

Favorite Features of  
recently elected Fellows:  
F. Talbott Wilson, FAIA

*Journal  
The AIA*



MAIN ENTRANCE TO ENGINEERING SCHOOL  
CARNEGIE INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY, PITTSBURGH, PA.  
FRANCIS KEALLY AND HOWARD S. PATTERSON, ARCHITECTS

*Journal  
The AIA*

## Our Profession—Its Place in America's Future

IN TWO PARTS—PART I

*By Edmund R. Purves, FAIA*

An address before the Northwest Regional  
Council, Glacier Park, Mont., Sept. 9-11, 1955

WHEN Waldo Christenson invited me to be with you I accepted with unbecoming alacrity, for not only was the opportunity offered to see a part of the United States which I do not know—Glacier Park—but also again there was the chance to meet with you good people from the Northwest, to refresh myself in this marvellous climate. The Northwest conjures romance to an Easterner, and when that romance is tinged with fond recollections of the Northwest, the invitation becomes a demand not to be denied.

The program says that I am to speak at the Chuck Wagon Dinner. Now I must confess that that is a function whose acquaintance I have hitherto not made. I thought of myself as consuming vast quantities of antelope and bear meat, of standing on the fantail of a Prairie Schooner and talking to you across the quiet night lit fitfully by the campfire and accompanied from the distance by coy-

otes, and more close at hand by the dulcet strains of a guitar. Under such a setting and such auspices, I should offer you salty bits of sage wisdom, homespun philosophy and wry humor. However, such is not my nature—it does not come gracefully from me—and so I come to you with a somewhat serious message and one which is I hope inspiring in substance.

I have been with The American Institute of Architects, man and boy, for many years. I have served it as chapter officer, state association president, member of the Board of Directors, of the Executive Committee, and like your own Waldo, a chairman of the Judiciary Committee. One thing led to another. I have been with you in an official capacity since 1938. In the course of time I have gotten to know the Institute very well and the profession which it represents. I have learned that we are a unique and fascinating breed.

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Architects are not cast in a common mold: each is an individual, each is a sentient living being with opinions and convictions, and each one of us arrives independently at his own solution of the manifold problems that confront us—architectural and otherwise.

You can well realize that I have been thinking for a long, long time on the subject we have before us this evening. I have seen the Institute rise, as you have also. I have seen the Institute and the profession reach the great vantage point which it now enjoys—a stately position. But I have seen our position threatened.

Perhaps I have had better opportunity than have many others to see and realize what has taken place. Washington affords one an unusual opportunity. It is not only the capital of the country but also the gathering point of those facets in society—of those trends and powers—that form the United States.

I live in two worlds. One is the intimate, charming world of The American Institute of Architects, where we think great thoughts and dream great dreams; where we can adopt resolutions that resound pleasantly. Then there is the outside world that I

live in too, the outside world of the construction industry, of the economy itself. Here we are brought face to face with the cold, hard facts of life. Here we meet the other fellow. Here we are made aware of the other organizations, of the other forces. I watch them moving ahead as fast as we do ourselves, sometimes faster. I have seen them move into our field.

I have seen them threaten the leadership of which we have been so proud—our place as one of the leaders in the construction industry.



I had a conversation several months ago with an Institute member—the chairman of one of our national committees, in fact. It brought home, almost too forcibly, the fact that our leadership is not so strong as we might believe.

I told this prominent member of the Institute of my concern with the problem of leadership in the industry. I told him that I felt the architect was in danger of losing his rightful position as a leader in the design element of the construction industry; in fact, as a leader of the industry itself and, through that, as a leader of the economy. This member told me



that architects are not leaders by training, experience or natural aptitude. They are merely technicians to "draw the blueprints" for the real leaders.

Well, if he is right, I have wasted years of my life. But I do not think that he was right. And I know I have not wasted my time.

Most of you, I am sure, are familiar with the objectives of the A.I.A. They give us our goal and, at the same time, give us a guide for the attainment of that goal. They point out not only the summit to be reached but the trail up the mountain. In striving to reach that mountain top, we will, as we proceed along the way, enjoy the fulfillment of our hopes.

It seems to me that there are two general fields of exploration, endeavor and activity. One is the profession itself—both collectively and individually—its status, its capabilities and its future. The other is the organization of the profession, The American Institute of Architects.

We ask ourselves instantly, does either the profession or its Institute measure up to the claims it makes? At conventions of our own—incidentally, everybody is very brave at their own conven-

tions—we proclaim ourselves to be leaders, we proclaim ourselves to be great people; we beat our breasts, we thump tubs, and we adopt beautiful, resounding resolutions. But, let us face the facts at last. Let us take a look at ourselves.

Let us call one fact that extraordinary lack of appreciation of personal or individual public relations—failure to realize the value of perfection in personal service. Another is our failure to exert ourselves, not only in the interests of the profession and the economy. Though I must admit there are notable exceptions, the average architect is prone to withdraw and to shrink from vying with his fellowman in advancing the common good.

Those personal defects can be rectified. They can be rectified and corrected by inculcating in the individual architect an appreciation of their importance. This is a task in which the A.I.A. can be of great assistance.

And those defects of the profession—of failing to live up to its own claims—can be corrected through the perfection of technical competence and the improvement of our abilities. Those abilities should include a businesslike in-

terest in the protection of our clients, knowledgeable competence in those areas in which our client looks to us for competence—such as a working knowledge of construction costs, a working knowledge of the problems involved in producing a building, and a continuous regard for the client's interests.

As I have said before, our objectives are clear, and our way is marked. But the attainment of the goals we seek as an organization, profession and individual calls for persistence and determination.

There is possibly a third field of investigation and activity, which is closely related to the other two. This is really a by-product of the first two: the encroachment of others into the province of the architect. George Bain Cummings already has made an initial study of this problem, and his analysis and proposals are an excellent starting point for our activities in that direction.

In combatting encroachment, it must be always borne in mind that we cannot "resolve" ourselves into positions of leadership. Nor can we, by resolution, put the other people out of business.

In attacking this problem of

encroachment, let us take a leaf from the military notebook. The Intelligence Service initiates and studies, and then Operations takes over. It is the duty of the Intelligence Service to be informed of enemy capabilities, enemy order of battle; to examine our own resources, and to make recommendations for operations, taking into account calculated risks. And of course there is continual liaison that must be maintained.

Let us take a look at where we are now. At the moment the American economy has reached an all-time high of activity and affluence. Everywhere architects are heavily engaged in designing buildings and supervising construction. So much so that it is difficult to get them to put their minds on the larger problems. There is an indication that our economy is moving forward. There is also an indication that we are following, or at best riding, the crest—we are not leading.

Recently I endeavored to get a prominent architect interested in the potentialities of city planning in his community—an interest which would have amply repaid him; an interest which he owed his community, for he was successful and professed to be public-

spirited. But he was too busy, too occupied with building plans. His concentration on technicalities was making him oblivious to his basic responsibilities as an architect; for in these days architects above all others should be sensitive to the trends and forces which shape our fortunes.



Now, let us take a look at the situation. We operate in a democracy; fortunately the other fellow has rights, too, and he will exert his abilities. There is a never-ending competition not only for the consumers' dollars, but for the consumers' attention.

In a democracy, there is political power of two kinds. One is the straight out-and-out political power, which we cannot and will never enjoy—which we should not enjoy. That is the political power of sheer numbers, enjoyed by some of the major organizations and, theoretically, by labor unions. The other political power is that of prestige. That we enjoy to the fullest extent, and it is a power which we cannot afford to lose through inadvertence or incompetence.

At the head of the democracy is the federal structure. What it

does affects us directly and indirectly in far more ways than we realize. There is a legislative branch, which is very important and where we stand in danger of losing out through inaction, inadvertence, or stupidity. It is an area in which others can move against us. So far we have been quite successful.

I am certain you all are familiar with the controversy over the Air Force Academy plans. The Senate had voted to restore the full \$79 million for construction of the Academy. The funds had been withheld earlier by the House. The House went along for \$20 million, which is enough to get the project underway.

The Institute took prompt action in this controversy. On June 30th, I issued a statement on behalf of the Board which was used by the Air Force in preparing its presentations for the Senate Appropriations Committee and a special hearing before a subcommittee of the House Committee on Appropriations. The Institute statement said, in part: "The architects and architect consultants selected by the Secretary of the Air Force are among the most distinguished of American practitioners. Their experience is extensive, their reputations are

world-wide, and the buildings and projects to their credit are among the most significant productions of the American professionals. It is understandable that any structure or work of art will find itself the target of criticism, sometimes voiced without a knowledge of the problems involved. Design is best accomplished by men who are trained and experienced. There is no question of the experience and ability of the professionals engaged by the Department of the Air Force. The United States of America now leads the entire world in the excellence and progress of architectural design and construction techniques. The Department of the Air Force has chosen its architects through proper and ethical methods.

"The American Institute of Architects is firmly convinced that the commissioned architects should continue with the further development of their plans, and the Department of the Air Force should proceed with confidence, knowing that the final result will be in the best interest of the American people."

President Cummings and I were asked to appear before the Senate committee. The House subcommittee meeting was arranged on

short notice and, since President Cummings already had left Washington, I appeared alone and was asked to testify three times. Our purpose in entering the controversy was to try to have the design of the Air Force Academy left in the hands of the proper persons. We felt that the dictation of design for public buildings by Congress, by uninformed persons or by those with an ax to grind, was not in the best interests of the profession or the public. We were not promoting a particular design or firm of architects. We were fighting for all architects and for the tax-paying public. We were concerned with the policies involved, and our course of action was directed toward upholding a fundamental principle for the entire profession.

Here you see just one indication of what I believe is a trend, a trend to greater understanding and appreciation by the Government of the importance of architecture—good architecture—in public buildings. If this trend continues, I can predict confidently that, within ten years or less, we will see a new spirit in all Government architecture.

Nothing can show this trend better than a resumé of the legisla-

tion considered and acted upon during the last session of Congress—legislation which shows the increased Congressional interest in construction; legislation which reflects the needs and desires of the American public.

I already have referred to the appropriation for the Air Force Academy. In addition, Congress increased federal aid for hospital construction from \$96,000,000 to \$110,000,000; appropriated \$24,000,000 for schools in federally impacted areas and another \$2,000,000 for the White House Conference on schools; provided funds for an Office of Coordinator of Public Works in the Executive Office of the President. And the omnibus housing Bill was finally passed. This Bill included action on slum clearance and

urban renewal, public housing, college housing, military housing, advance planning, community facilities and FHA mortgage insurance.

In addition, Congress appropriated money—\$232,000,000—for a four-year program of airport development, and appropriated funds for the extension of the east façade of the Capitol. In line with this, a large-scale Federal Building program was authorized and, with it came new hope that action will be taken on the replacement of temporary buildings—long a desire of the Institute. This indicates only one thing—that the legislative branch of the Government is taking an increasingly farsighted view of the importance of good construction.

(To be continued)



## Honors

JOHN W. ROOT, FAIA, of Chicago, has been made an academician of the National Academy of Design.

ALFRED BENDINER of Philadelphia has been honored by the

Newspaper Guild of Greater Philadelphia as a recipient of their traditional tribute, a Page One Award. The citation speaks of Bendiner as one "whose varied and superb talents brought fame to this city and whose vivid and

imaginative works have delighted thousands of persons in this nation and in the world."

MILTON SMITH OSBORNE, Head of the Department of Architecture, Pennsylvania State University, has been made an honorary life member of the Manitoba Association of Architects and the Royal Architectural Institute of Canada "in view of his distinguished contribution to the profession of architecture in Canada, especially in the field of architectural education and to the cultural life of this community."

Professor JOHN ALONZO RUSSELL, AIA, who succeeded Prof.

Osborne in 1946 as Director of Architecture at the University of Manitoba, was likewise honored by life membership in the Manitoba Association of Architects.

JOHN P. RILEY, HON. A.I.A., has been made vice president and chief engineer of the Ibec Housing Corporation, New York, one of the organizations developed by the Rockefeller brothers to promote development in various parts of the world through modern technology. The corporation is now constructing 1,625 houses in Puerto Rico, using a mechanized, poured-in-place concrete building method devised by Wallace K. Harrison, FAIA.

## Learning to be the President

*By George Bain Cummings, FAIA*

A FEW DAYS AGO I was cleverly introduced to a gathering as "a failure." The toastmaster stated that for two years I wrote articles entitled "Learning to be The Secretary," and then lost the job! That should be a warning, I suppose, as I contemplate this present story, for inevitably and inexorably I will soon have passed into the exalted

limbo of the Past Presidents. Nevertheless, if you are sufficiently interested to read this it may serve as a further means of communicating among us and of stimulating and integrating our mutual efforts in the advancement of our professional goals.

If I write with enthusiasm bordering on excitement, it is because that is what I feel. The

high calling to which I am called carries with it the nutrients and the tonic that exhilarate, inspire and evoke. To be in a position to look out over the domain of the Institute and observe the architect in action as the professional advisor of his client, as a worker for the improvement of the Institute, and as a citizen in his community, is the greatest privilege of my professional life, for which I am ever grateful to you.

Experience gained as a Board member during the two years preceding the Minneapolis Convention, all that I learned as Secretary, and the precept of my devoted and able predecessor, gave me an excellent foundation for starting my year as President. So many important matters had been settled and so much of wise policy adopted prior to the Convention, that we faced the new administrative year with virtually a clean slate and the opportunity to make fresh and big plans. I had been already aware of your good will and loyalty before the Orientation Meeting, and I was certainly convinced of it afterward. That meeting, attended by members of the Board and Staff, Chapter and State Officers, and Na-

tional committeemen, was held Friday evening after Convention adjournment. For an hour and a half we talked together of the structure and functions of the Institute and of the task before us as members of a "team", and obtained a clear understanding of the part each one of us was to play, our personal identification with the whole program. The next day the new Board organized in a one-day meeting, in which the resolutions adopted by the Convention were appropriately considered and referred for implementation. Then we separated, the Officers and Staff to undertake their specific duties, the Regional Directors to serve the Chapters and members of their respective districts. National committees had been appointed prior to the Convention and were now fully activated, and Chapter and State Officers returned to the task of effective local administration of our professional affairs. The team had gone to work!

As Secretary I had already worked with Ned Purves and the Staff and they had become used to me and my standards of performance. On my part, I had acquired great admiration for this group of carefully selected, well



trained, able versatile people who serve us conscientiously, with dedication and devotion. I count them my friends and am the richer therefor. I check everything Ned does and he checks everything I do. I continue my routine monthly visits to The Octagon, and in between there is frequent communication between us by letter and telephone.

The Octagon itself, our headquarters property, is in excellent physical condition. The lovely old house has been reconstructed structurally to be entirely safe and more fire-resistant and will have been reopened to public use on November 9, when we unveil an exhibition of contemporary Finnish architecture, and entertain the Finnish Ambassador and other notables. Formal re-dedication of the renovated building, enhanced by gifts of appropriate and valuable furnishings, will occur when the Board holds its annual meeting there March 1, 1956. Together with the Headquarters Building, the Library, and the beautiful Garden further enriched by the Schenck gift of specimen boxwood, The Octagon will please you when you attend the Centennial Convention in 1957.

One of the first things I had

to learn—forcibly suggested by Ned—was that I must guard my utterances, for anything said by the President is quotable and he is presumed to speak for the Institute. Another thing I learned—fast!—was that there are two kinds of matters with which the President deals—ordinary matters and extraordinary matters! An example of the second arose before this administration was a week old in the matter of the Air Force Academy design, which has been fully reported to you. There were other matters of similar concern requiring alacrity and agility in the concluding days of the last Congressional session. Ned and Ted Morris quarterbacked the plays with intelligence and skill, calling upon the right persons to carry the ball at hearings. It sometimes becomes rather breathless. At least you don't succumb to ennui.



One of the most wonderful things the President learns is that he is not alone. So many of you have written letters of encouragement and suggestion. Naturally, a man wants to do a good job, but he is wonderfully supported by knowing that his people share



that desire and are rooting for him. In my visits to you you have made me so conscious of our unity of purpose and your desire to help, "The everlastin' teamwork of ev'ry bloomin' soul."

In a later communication of this kind, I'd like to tell you what the President has learned on his travels to your Regional conferences. And in the meantime he'll continue his education.

## New England Reports

*By Austin W. Mather*

REGIONAL DIRECTOR OF THE NEW ENGLAND DISTRICT

In beginning the semi-annual meetings of the Institute's Board of Directors, it is customary for each Director to give a verbal report of activities and conditions in his own district. The major part of the message from New England was so moving that by unanimous consent of the Board it is herewith passed on to the membership—in Mr. Mather's tape-recorded words.

**N**ow, may I mention the flood? Could I give you a report—it will only take two minutes?

I would like to cite an experience in my own community, Norwalk, Connecticut, which was the hardest hit in suffering flood damage during the October 15 disaster. The problem is about the same in war or peace. This time, torrential rains, streams washed out, bridges wrecked, buildings condemned—sudden calamity, building up from a normal downpour to a complete washout. No lights, no heat, no means of communication—only the steady rain and the rising waters all through the night. Then the morning—still the rain, and a

weird stillness envelopes the town, broken by sirens, shrill whistles, and the blaring of sound trucks. You walk down town, and where buildings stood there is nothing but gaping holes. Water mains are gushing and there are pungent odors of gas and *smell*. Sewer pipes are strewn along the ground. The police are out; also the firemen, the civil defense workers, utility crews, the National Guard. The utility crews do a tremendous job, a heroic job—and they have everything under complete control. Power plants in Norwalk blew out that night and were in operation again in forty-eight hours. A state of emergency exists; traffic is jammed—cars are bumper to

bumper. Traffic from Boston to New York is being routed across the only bridge left standing, two miles south of the Merritt Parkway along the shore. So much for the day after. That was Sunday—a heavy traffic day.

The work of rehabilitation began. Condemned areas are roped off. The homeless are somehow housed, and the dead are buried. The clean-up proceeds. Bridges are thrown across the washed-out sections along the Norwalk River by Army engineers, and the traffic subsides. As a member of the City Planning Commission of Norwalk I attended a joint meeting of all city agencies last Thursday to plan the course of reconstruction. A master plan has been formulated and will be revised and expanded to include the redevelopment of all areas in the disaster zone. It is hoped that from the devastation will emerge a better city; a better plan for the urban center. Now, what is the architect's role in this redevelopment?

It seems to me that there is little the Institute as a group perhaps can contribute in a realistic sense. The architect's responsibility is personal and quite evident, it seems to me. He is equipped with a vision and potential leader-

ship of the experience, coordination and direction of the construction process. If he is not already a part of the planning team in his community, he should become a part. His guidance and counsel are vitally needed, not only now but every day. It is a roll-up-your-sleeves proposition. The course of action in the long-range redevelopment program, following the emergency mopping-up, is basically as follows: First, the appraisers; after the allocation of funds, the appraisers come in as the number-one item. No. 2 is negotiation and perhaps condemnation. No. 3 is demolition, and public works as indicated by the redevelopment plan. And then, of course, No. 4 is the rebuilding. The architect's responsibility here is somewhat normal in that he is engaged by public or private clients to design each individual structure. But his public service lies in his contributions to the preparation of the development plan—a general comprehensive plan for reconstruction. Here he is not serving as an individual—but as part of a team.

The course of action as proposed by the Governor of Connecticut after the August hurricane was a sound one. Teams of planners

were engaged and assigned to the disaster towns. These planners were to study conditions and to recommend adjustments in the road systems and built-up areas to better control industrial growth, population density and traffic—as well as minimizing future evil by floods and winds. The Connecticut program was initiated and is being administered by an architect—Elmer Coburn, a member of the Connecticut Chapter and Planning Director of the State Development Commission. He and I worked closely together formulating the program. After the August hurricane George Cummings wrote to each of the governors of Massachusetts, Rhode Island and Connecticut offering assistance of the Institute. Your Regional Director issued an appeal to each

chapter president to offer his state the full services of the chapter; and this was done. The Regional Executive Committee met September 10 and designated the regional and local Committees on Urban Development as the proper means for following through with Institute assistance.

But it still seems to boil down to the conclusion that the home town professional architect is in the best position to assume command and to contribute directly to the reconstruction effort by joining the team—that is, developing the future community plan which was formerly a visionary long-range conception, but which now calls for fast-moving, competent professional guidance and realization.

## News from the Educational Field

YALE UNIVERSITY Division of the Arts announces a general reorganization. Among other changes, the name of the present School of Fine Arts is to be the School of Architecture and Design. This school will be charged with providing professional instruction in architecture, city planning, painting, sculpture and the graphic

arts, as well as basic instruction on the undergraduate level in these fields in Yale College and the Yale School of Engineering. Professor Charles H. Sawyer will serve as dean of the new School of Architecture and Design. Continuing in chairmanships will be Professors Paul Schweikher in architecture and Josef Albers in design.

HARVARD UNIVERSITY Graduate School of Design announces a Conference on Urban Design and the role of planners, architects and landscape architects in the design and development of cities—April 9 and 10, 1956, Robinson Hall and Hunt Hall, Harvard University.

CORNELL UNIVERSITY College of Architecture announces its list of visiting critics for the present academic year: Joseph Amisano (of Toombs, Amisano & Wells, Atlanta); Jens Risom (of Jens Risom Design, Inc., New York City); Arthur G. Odell, Jr., (of A. G. Odell and Associates, Charlotte, N. C.); Enslie O. Oglesby, Jr. (of Enslie O. Oglesby, Jr., Dallas, Texas); Lawrence B. Perkins and Phillip Will, Jr. (of

Perkins & Will, Chicago, Ill.); and Donn E. Emmons (of Wurster, Bernardi & Emmons of San Francisco, Calif.)



## Scholarships and Fellowships

THE UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS announces the name of the first winner of the St. Louis Metropolitan Planning Fellowship—Klaus Kattentidt, a native of Germany, who is a graduate this year of Washington University School of Architecture. Mr. Kattentidt will pursue a graduate study course leading towards a master's degree in city planning. On the completion of these studies he will return to Germany awaiting readmission under the quota.

## Calendar

*December 7-8:* Building Research Institute holds a conference on Floor-Ceiling Design, National Academy of Sciences, Washington.

*January 5:* Deadline for entry slips and entry fee for Institute's Program for National Honor Awards.

*January 22-26:* Annual Convention and Exposition of the National Association of Home Builders, Chicago Coliseum, Chicago, Ill.

*February 27-March 1:* Annual Meeting, Board of Directors, A.I.A., The Octagon, Washington, D. C.

*April 21-28:* Historic Garden Week

in Virginia, the headquarters of The Garden Club of Virginia being the Jefferson Hotel, Richmond 19, Va.

*May 12:* Pre-Convention meeting of the Board of Directors, AIA, Hotel Biltmore, Los Angeles, Calif.

*May 14-17:* Design Engineering Show, Convention Hall, Philadelphia, Pa.

*May 15-18:* 88th Convention of AIA, Hotel Biltmore, Los Angeles, Calif.

*October 7-9:* 7th Annual Conference of the Gulf States District, Chattanooga, Tenn.

DECEMBER, 1955

## The Editor's Asides

TO LISTEN TO the Institute's twelve regional directors report as to the activities in this country's architectural offices is always inspiring. Here are men—practising architects all—whose contacts with, and knowledge of, their respective sections of the United States is unique. These men, covering all forty-eight states, tell us of the very front line of business activity—projects on the drawing-boards. These projected buildings represent, not a measure of the current activity of the building industry, but rather a look ahead to what will be sent out for bids in months to come. It is not surprising that a tabulation of these reports—brought to the Board meetings at least twice a year—is followed and analyzed by a growing number of Government agencies and organizations whose job it is to keep close watch on the national economy.

WE SHOULD NOT LET PASS without a word of appreciation New York University Club's fine contribution to the architectural preservation movement. In joint sponsorship with the Municipal Art Society the club put on an

exhibition of original drawings of the City's architectural treasures of 1800-1918. For this collection, brought together by Henry Hope Reed, Jr., the Institute library was glad to lend some of our drawings by Richard Morris Hunt, including those of the base of the Statue of Liberty.

BILL DEMAREST, our high priest of Modular Measure, attended a twelve-country conference in Paris not long ago. His impression was that Modular Measure in free Europe is roughly a decade behind U. S. A. Only Sweden and England seem to be awake to its possibilities—but we've long been just as far ahead in standardized parts and straight-line assembly, with not the slightest doubt that we are on the right road.

THE LITTLE JINGLE about Professor Richardson on another page doesn't tell very much about the President of the Royal Academy. The professor was elected last year to succeed Sir Gerald Kelly who had reached the retirement age of 75. He is a forthright critic of modern architecture, as becomes

the head of the stronghold of orthodoxy. Sir Joshua Reynolds was its first president. In addition to his role in architectural education, Professor Richardson's private practice is credited with the design of the Manchester Opera House and the Royal Pavilion at Ascot, and a wide variety of other buildings, sometimes in collaboration with C. L. Gill.

THEODORE IRWIN, in the *Saturday Evening Post*, has been trying to find out "Why our kids can't write." In his research he probed into the handwriting of us grown-ups. Worst was the handwriting of aviation executives, with 75% illegibility; architects, grocers, insurance agents and chemical industry men were rated 50% incomprehensible. Most legible: the educators and the building contractors.

OUR LOWER JAW sags more and more often when we read the releases mailed by the Housing and Home Finance Agency. Our old friend James W. Follin, HON. AIA, is handling a heap of money these days. \$850 million will have gone into 91 Federally-assisted slum clearance and urban renewal projects in 1955. Sounds like a lot of money, but the Federal

grants total about \$168 million, which means that private enterprise and local governments are spending five dollars to every dollar that Uncle Sam puts into these projects.

THERE ISN'T MUCH TIME TO LOSE if we are to have any success in convincing the Post Office Department that the first centenary of an organized architectural profession in this country should be honored in 1957 with a special adhesive.

PERHAPS the revolving door has been threatened with displacement by its open-faced modern brother, but the former's 75-year reign is not likely to be ended abruptly by a heavy sheet of glass or an electric eye. Denver's Brown Palace Hotel's revolving door, installed in 1892, just keeps rollin' along.

A JOINT SURVEY by *Better Homes & Gardens* and the Dodge Corporation shows, among many things, that "only 4 out of 10 new houses have separate dining-rooms." Surprise! Judging from the illustrations in the architectural magazines we would have guessed 99 44/100% were doing without separate dining-rooms.

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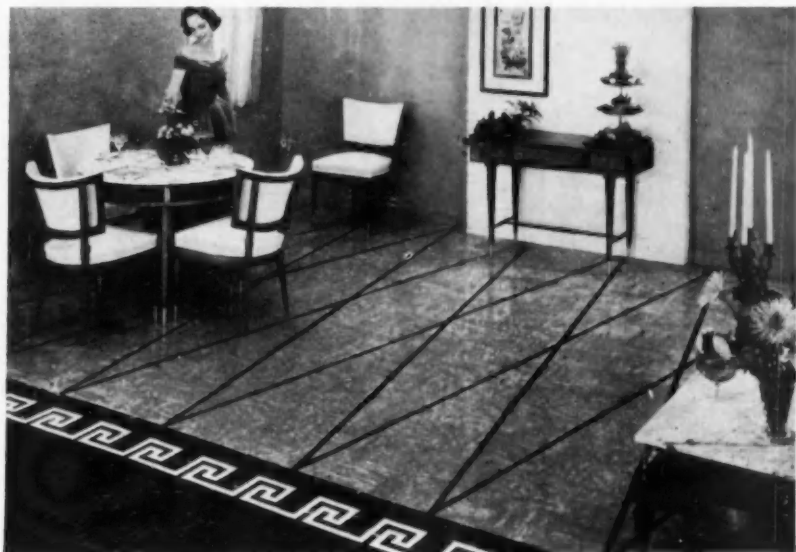


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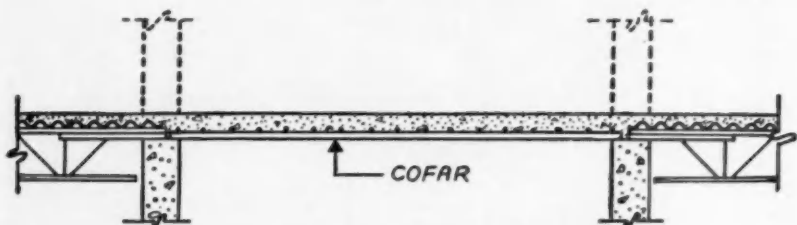


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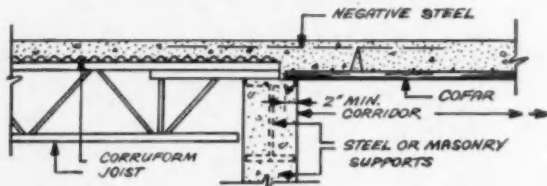
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